

THE BOURBON NEWS.

CHAMP & MILLER, Editors and Owners.

PRINTED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

Established FEB. 1, 1881.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1898.

NO. 42.

"Full many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant."

One of our ads found its way into a home in a distant State last week and as a result we are the happy recipients of quite a liberal order showing that the news of the values being offered here is interesting, not only in this county, but wherever there are homes to be furnished.

A Rich Field For Thrifty Shoppers.

Will be found on this corner this week.

FLOOR COVERINGS.—New Matting opened this week, usual price 20c, our price 15c.

Linoleum for office, hall, bath room or kitchen. 60, 70, 75c; inlaid, regular price \$1.75, this week \$1.37 $\frac{1}{2}$.

UNPRECEDENTED has been our Wall Paper business this season, and with our combination of price and quality, it would be strange if we were not busy.

CURTAINS.—Curtains by the dozen, largest line ever offered in the city. No old stock. Nottingham at 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.

FURNITURE.—Hall Racks, \$4.50, \$6, \$7.50, \$10 and \$12.

Hall Chairs, \$2, \$2.50, \$3.

Rockers—Beautiful line at correct prices.

C. F. BROWER & CO.

Carpets, Furniture, Wall Paper.

LEXINGTON, KY.

Bluegrass Seed Strippers.

Ten New Stivers'

BLUEGRASS SEED MACHINES FOR SALE.

Built by J. H. Stivers

Full line of repairs on hand.

O. EDWARDS.

Also, the best line of

Tongue and Tongueless Cultivators

in town:

Malta Banner.

New Western,

Acme Spring Trip.

Call and examine goods and get prices.

O. EDWARDS.



Here is one of those who are either so prejudiced against all advertised remedies, or have become discouraged at the failure of other medicines to help them, and who will succumb to the grim destroyer without knowing of the wonderful value of Foley's Honey and Tar for all Throat and Lung troubles.

Sold by James Kennedy, Druggist.

DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILL ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price \$1.00 per box & boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO. • Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale By W. T. Brooks, Druggist.

Why H. S. Stout Succeeds.

Here are a few reasons why H. S. Stout has succeeded in building up the largest tailoring business in Paris:

FIRST—He recognized the fact that five years ago that the only day of big profits and small sales was past.

SECOND—He cuts the price of tailor-made garments at least 40 PER CENT.

THIRD—He kept up the quality of his materials, his styles and his workmanship.

FOURTH—He always does as he advertised.

AS A RESULT.

As a result of this system he has built up a large trade that appreciates the fact that they save twenty dollars on a single Suit or Overcoat. "Many customers at a small profit rather than a few customers at a big profit," says H. S. Stout.

If you want credit, your high-price tailor gladly extends it, for he makes you pay dearly for it in the end.

Why not turn over a new leaf—wear the best, save money, by giving H. S. Stout a trial?

He makes the Finest Imported Suits for

\$30.00 AND \$35.00.

PARIS FURNISHING & TAILORING CO.
H. S. STOUT, Manager.

JOE MUNSON, Cutter.

MILLERSBURG.

News Notes Gathered in And About The

Burg.

Martin O'Neal visited friends in Car-

isle, Sunday.

Mr. Jas. Dongherty is the guest of Wm. Chancellor.

Mrs. Duke Bowles is the guest of Mrs. Jas. W. Conway.

Dr. H. A. Smith, of Paris, visited relatives here, Sunday.

Graham Smedley is home to attend the commencement.

Mrs. Tom Prather is the guest of her sisters, the Misses Wadell.

Mrs. Rhoda Conway, of Carlisle, is the guest of relatives here.

Mrs. Alma Engleman, of Danville, is the guest of Mrs. Tom Judy.

Miss Bessie Peed, of Mayslick, is the guest of Miss Dorothy Peed.

Miss Emma Lee Young, of Bath, is the guest of Miss Ida Dodson.

Miss Adriah Griffith, near town.

Mr. Jas. Ringo, of Mexico, Mo., is the guest of Mr. Kader Burroughs.

Miss Frances Wilson, of Moorefield, is the guest of Miss Bessie Redmon.

Miss Nanie Bowden, of Paris, was a guest of relatives here, Sunday.

Mr. Josh Ewing, of Owingsville, was the guest of friends here, Sunday.

Mr. John Stewart, of Elizaville, is the guest of Mr. Wallace Shannon.

Mr. H. A. Humphreys and wife, of Bloomington, are guests at the M. F. C.

Miss Bessie Bradford, of Augusta, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Butler.

Mr. Allen Ware, of St. Louis, is the guest of the Talbot Bros., near town.

Miss Martha Howe, of Elizaville, is the guest of C. W. Howard and family.

Miss Virginia Hutchcraft went to Louisville, yesterday to visit her father.

Miss Jennie Hukill, of Paris, is the guest of Miss Carrie Currant, at the M. F. C.

Mr. Oscar Robertson, of Flemingsburg, is the guest of Rev. Daal Robertson and family.

Mr. Mose McClure, of Grant county, is the guest of Mr. J. H. Thorn and family.

Mr. Tom Bowles, of Cynthiana, was the guest of his parents here, Sunday.

John Foster, a 13-yr-old boy, caught a 17 lb carp at the mill, Saturday, with a pitchfork.

Mrs. Nathan Young, and daughter, of Carlisle, are guests of Mrs. Thos. McClinton.

Miss Alma Collier, of Mt. Sterling, is a guest of her sister, Mrs. W. G. McClinton.

Mr. Joe Ewalt and Miss Letitia Hedges, of Pavis, were guests of friends here, Sunday.

Mr. Jas. Dailey, of Maysville, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Stitt, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roseberry Rogers, of Cane Ridge, are guests of Mr. Joshua Barton and wife.

Misses Ella Ransom and Mabel Leton, of Paris, are guests of Misses Anna and Mary Bond.

Dr. W. M. Miller has dug a 12x14 cistern in the rear of his residence, for reserve use in case of fire.

Mrs. Walter Shropshire and Mr. Kelmer Shropshire are guests of Mrs. Fannie Shropshire, near town.

Miss Sue Buckner, of Winchester, and Miss Lucy Lowry, of Paris, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Phillips.

The remains of Mrs. J. B. Scott of Lexington, aged 33, nee Miss Brownie Thompson, were buried here yesterday.

Messrs. Jack Sharp, Arch Current, and Jas. Montgomery, of Cynthiana, were guests of friends here, Tuesday.

Mrs. B. R. Newman, of Louisville, and Mrs. G. R. Armstrong, of Mt. Sterling, are guests of friends at the M. F. C.

Mrs. Hiram Carpenter and daughters, Misses Judith and Maud, have been guests of Mrs. Dave Conway, for several days.

Mrs. J. F. Brinke, Miss Bertie Dilly and Miss Allie Talbot, of Cynthiana, are guests of Mr. John Jameson and family.

Mrs. Sallie Hutchison, of Baltimore, and Mrs. W. M. Purnell of Paris, were guests of T. M. Purnell and family, Sunday.

Mrs. Sallie Adams, of Atlanta, arrived Saturday accompanied by Miss June Mock and are guests of Mr. Jno. M. Bedford.

Mrs. C. M. Best, of this city, was one of the judges in the Bluegrass contest, at Richmond, last week, in the elocutionary contest.

A party of fourteen from Louisville passed here Sunday on a drag, wagon and bicycles. They are taking in the Blue Grass region.

Mr. W. I. Dorsey and wife, of Carlisle, are guests of relatives here. Their daughter, Miss Josephine, will be in the graduating class, Tuesday.

Black and Tan Vici Kid; A variety of vesting tops.

All the newest and most fashionable lasts.

Prices—too low to speak of.

all pleased with his goods and surprised by the largeness of his stock.

Mr. Mason Johnson will to-morrow celebrate the 7th anniversary of his birth, at his home four miles North of Millersburg, where he was born and has always resided. (Mr. Johnson and Mr. Allen Trigg are probably the only two of our citizens from Paris to Oakdale Mills who remembered the construction of the Maysville & Lexington turnpike.

Triumph In Photographic Art.

THE Carbon Photograph will stand the test of time and atmospheric influences. Made in all sizes, and durable. The likeness is always preserved in minute detail, and can be made from any old picture. I invite all who are interested in large pictures to examine this wonderful picture before giving your orders for any copying and enlarging of old pictures. I make your sitting free when you desire a large picture from life and guarantee satisfaction. Very respectfully,

L. GRINNAN, Artist.

(29mar-1f) Paris, Ky.

We use the soap that tackles the dirt, and not the shirt.

(tf) BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

LINEN sent to Bourbon Steam Laundry is washed white, not white washed.

EVERYTHING comes out in the wash at the Bourbon Steam Laundry—even the dirt.

(tf) BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

DILL pickle.

MCDERMOTT & SPEARS. (tf)

Remember the Maine buy a linen and silk handkerchief with the great ship on it, for 25 and 50 cents, at Price & Co's.

Your Life Insured—1c. a Day.

OUR insurance is protected by bankable paper on the Capital City Bank of Columbus, O. There can be no stronger guarantee given you. We dare not use a bank's name without authority, if you doubt it, write them. Good health is the best life insurance. Wright's Celery Capsules give you good health, they cure Liver, Kidney and Stomach trouble, Rheumatism, Constipation and Sick Headaches. 100 days' treatment costs 1c a day. A sight draft on above bank, in every \$1 box, which brings your money back if we fail to cure you. Sold by W. T. Brooks, druggist.

L. Q. NELSON,
DENTIST.

Pleasant St., opp. First Presbyterian Church.

(Dr. Buck's old office.)

Office on first floor.

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m.

Some People Think

that because we sell Steinway Pianos, we sell nothing else, and they must necessarily pay a high price if they buy us.

They are Mistaken

for we have other high grade pianos such as the

Hazelton, Smith & Barnes, Gabler,

Kurtzman, etc., superior in touch,

tone and finish at prices most moder-

ate. We offer intending purchasers

greater variety and better value, dollar

for dollar than any house in the West.

If you can not come, write for full information.

Ernest Urchs & Co.

121-123 W. 4th St., Cincinnati

Ladies' Vesting top Shoes

The vesting tops are the latest in

Spring footwear. They are as comfor-

table as an Oxford and are extremely

pretty.

Black and Tan Vici Kid;

A variety of vesting tops.

All the newest and most

fashionable lasts.

Prices—too low to speak of.

Rion & Clay

AN ALLIANCE.

Preliminary Steps Taken by England and the United States.

Great Britain to Recognize the Monroe Doctrine and Uncle Sam to Build the Nicaraguan Canal and Allow England to Use It in Case of War.

LONDON, May 30.—The Washington correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, telegraphing Sunday says: "I have just learned from a high authority in the state department that important preliminary steps toward an anglo-American alliance have already been taken. How far these negotiations, if they can yet be called that, have proceeded, it is not easy to ascertain, for, naturally, strict secrecy is maintained, but my information is that the preliminary suggestions have been made and that the subject of such an alliance is practically before the two governments in some shape."

"The recent visits of Sir Julian Pauncefote to the state department have not it seems had reference altogether to the Canadian negotiations. According to my authority the features of the proposed alliance now being considered are these:

"England is to recognize the Monroe doctrine, to attempt no increase of her territorial possessions in the western hemisphere, and to indorse the American construction of that doctrine. The United States is to build the Nicaragua canal and Great Britain is to have the use of it in time of war."

"The United States is to have all the territory taken from Spain in the present war and Great Britain is to protect the United States in the possession if this should be threatened. The United States is to stand by England in her policy in China and the east, and all the British ports in the east are to be opened to the United States under the most favored nation clause."

"The main features of an arbitration treaty are to be incorporated. It has been provided that all matters in dispute not involving the Monroe doctrine or the Nicaragua canal, are to be submitted to a non-partisan commission. The existing understanding bearing upon the relations between the two governments on the great lakes are to be abrogated and the United States are to be given the use of the Welland canal in case of war."

"The alliance is to be offensive and defensive. It proceeds on lines such as the foregoing. As a matter of course, all that has been done so far is purely tentative, but my informant gives the above as the general outline suggested."

CADIZ FLEET.

According to Report it is in Bad Shape to Go Manila or Anywhere Else for Some Weeks to Come.

NEW YORK, May 30.—A dispatch to the World from London says: The chief officer of a steamer just in from Cadiz said Friday night:

"When we left Cadiz last Friday the only Spanish warships there were the battle ship Pelayo, the cruiser Emperor Carlos V., one torpedo catcher and the converted cruisers Patriota and Rapido. The cruisers were at the arsenal."

"Everything bore the appearance of un-readiness."

"The Pelayo's boilers recently put in at Toulon had just been condemned by the superintending engineer at Cadiz on the ground that they were of insufficient strength. She was, however, coaling."

"The Rapido and the Patriota had not been fitted with guns, and neither had a crew."

"There was no belief in the reports that the fleet was going to Manila or anywhere else for some weeks at least."

BRIG. GEN. OTIS.

Editor and Proprietor of the Los Angeles Times—Served With Distinction in the Civil War.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30.—Harrison Gray Otis, who has been appointed brigadier general of volunteers, is the editor and proprietor of the Los Angeles Times, one of the leading journals of the Pacific coast.

He was born in Ohio in 1837, and served on the union side during the entire civil war, entering as a private and rising by successive promotions to that of lieutenant colonel. The final promotion was given him at the close of hostilities upon unsolicited recommendation of Maj. Gen. R. B. Hayes, subsequently President Hayes. During his 49 months of service in the war, Gen. Otis took part in 15 engagements, received two wounds in battle and was promoted seven times.

Blanco's Defi to Gen. Miles.

KEY WEST, Fla., May 30.—Charles Thrall and Hayden Jones, the correspondents captured by the Spaniards, were brought here by the auxiliary ship Woodbury Saturday, having been exchanged for Col. Cortijo and three others. They speak well of the treatment received at Cabanas and say that Blanco is still boastful and apparently anxious to meet the Americans. "Tell Gen. Miles I have men, guns and ammunition galore and the courage to give him as pretty a fight as he can ask," was Blanco's message.

To Build Russian War Ships.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 30.—Irving M. Scott, of the Union iron works, has gone to St. Petersburg to consult with the czar's government regarding the building of Russian war ships in this city. On Tuesday last he received a message from St. Petersburg congratulating him on the performance of the Oregon and asking him to go to that city.

Corea Opens Three Ports.

YOKOHAMA, May 30.—The Corean government has decided to open three more ports and also to make Pink Yan an open market.

GLADSTONE'S FUNERAL.

Last Honors Shown the Grand Old Man by the Highest Nobility and All the People of London.

LONDON, May 30.—The obsequies of Gladstone took place Saturday. The simple ceremonies were impressive, appropriate to the unostentatious grandeur of the statesman, whose memory they honored.

In the center of Westminster hall a plain oak coffin lay upon a severely plain dais. Not a flower or bit of draping softened its rigid outlines. Huge wax candles flickered at each corner and a brass cross stood at the head.

A folded pall lay at the foot of the coffin.

Shortly after ten o'clock the procession began to form. There was a long file of Great Britain's foremost men clad in mourning costume.

First came the speaker of the house of commons in robes and wig. He was preceded by a mace-bearer and followed by some 40 members of parliament. Then came a group of privy councillors, and after these the lords chancellor, preceded by a mace-bearer and followed by a number of peers and bishops. Immediately in front of the coffin stood the duke of Connaught, the duke of Cambridge and the earl of Pembroke, representing the queen.

On either side of the coffin were ranged the pallbearers—the prince of Wales, the duke of York, the marquis of Salisbury, the earl of Rosebery, Arthur J. Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, the duke of Rutland, the earl of Kimberley, Lord Rendel and Mr. Amisted.

Behind the coffin were the Gladstones, the sons, young grandsons, private secretaries, physicians and servants. There were no ladies. Last of all came a pathetic group of old villagers of Hawarden. When all had taken their places the duke of Norfolk, the earl marshal of England, conducted the bishop of London to the coffin, where he offered a brief prayer. Then the coffin was raised upon the shoulders of the bearers and the procession moved slowly from the hall to the abbey.

Outside a vast throng filled the whole neighborhood and every roof and window was crowded with spectators.

After a short service in the church the remains were conveyed to the grave. It is in the very center of the north transept. It was at the feet of the statue of Gladstone's greatest rival, Lord Beaconsfield.

GEN. BROOKE'S ARMY.

It is Being Put in Good Shape—Brigade and Regimental Drills Occur Daily in All the Camps.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., May 30.—The various commands composing Gen. Brooke's army of 45,000 men are rapidly being put in good shape and the work of the whole army is being thoroughly systematized. Brigade and regimental drills occur daily in all the camps and the job of making fighting soldiers goes bravely on. Despite statements to the contrary the men are fairly well provided for and none are undergoing any great hardships. The great drawback is lack of uniforms, shoes, clothing and equipments, but this drawback will be all eliminated during the next few days as immense amounts of these supplies are now en route.

Maj. Frank E. Nye, a commissary of subsistence of the regular army, arrived Friday night from Tampa, Fla., and Saturday took charge of the commissary department in the city. He will have charge of the immense amount of rations now arriving. Fifty-five cars of provisions arrived Friday and 50 more are scheduled for Saturday. Col. Kingsley, paymaster for Pennsylvania, Saturday paid the men from the Keystone state the amounts due them for service before being mustered into the government service. The total amount was over \$70,000.

The Chattanooga, Rome & Southern railroad has made a satisfactory settlement with the First Missouri for damages sustained in the wreck last Saturday. The money will be used to supply the regiment with horses and arms in connection with their baggage.

No great amount of drilling and maneuvering was done Saturday. Saturday was set aside as a day of inspection in all the regiments, and the work of cleaning up and putting things in shape about the camps required most of the time of the men.

ORDERS ISSUED.

Troops to Be Put Aboard Transports at Once—War Ships Will Convoy the Expedition.

NEW YORK, May 30.—A special dispatch to the Tribune from Washington says: Orders have at last gone forward to Maj. Gen. Shafter, at Tampa, to embark the greater portion of his corps, including all the regulars and a few of the most efficient volunteer regiments on board the transports gathered at that place, and the aggressive military movement which has been so frequently predicted and as often delayed for one cause or another, will be an accomplished fact before the end of this week.

The strongest units of Adm. Sampson's reorganized squadron will convoy the expedition and cover its landing at a point now definitely designated.

Sampson's Fleet is Alert.

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Gen. Miles Leaves Washington.

NEW YORK, May 30.—A Washington dispatch to the Herald says: "It was reported early Monday morning that Gen. Miles will leave during the day for the south to direct the movement of the troops to Cuba."

MOSQUITO FLEETS.

A Number of Small Steam Craft to Be Added to This Branch of Service.

No Movement Will Be Made Against Cuba or Porto Rico Until the Spanish Fleet is Either Destroyed or Otherwise Rendered Helpless.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—The navy department is making ready for the purchase of a number of small steam craft to supplement the mosquito fleets on the coast. The chief of the mosquito fleets, Adm. Erben, at New York, has submitted to the navy department a list of over one hundred such craft which have been examined and found suitable. The department was prevented from making any purchases on this score because it lacked the necessary authorization, but now that congress has passed and the president has approved an act appropriating \$3,000,000 for the purchase of such vessels, it will begin at once to acquire them. They are needed very badly just at present, not so much for scouting purposes as for the protection of the elaborate mine fields which the engineer officers have laid in almost all Atlantic ports. The reckless conduct of the commanders of vessels entering and emerging

WASHINGTON, May 28.—Following is a copy of the report made by Rr. Adm. Sampson concerning the action off San Juan, officially posted at the navy department Friday morning:

"Upon approaching San Juan it was seen that none of the Spanish vessels were in the harbor. I was considerably in doubt whether they had reached San Juan and again departed for some unknown destination, or whether they had not arrived.

"As their capture was the object of the expedition, and as it was essential that they should not pass to the westward, I decided to attack the batteries defending the port in order to develop their position and strength, and then without waiting to reduce the city or subject it to regular bombardment, which would require due notice, turned to the westward.

"I commenced the attack as soon as it was good daylight. It lasted about three hours, when the signal was made to discontinue the firing and the squadron stood to the northeast and out of sight of San Juan, when the course was to the westward, with a view to communicating with the de-

SAMSON'S REPORT.

The Admiral Gives Reasons for His Recent Bombardment of the Forts in the Harbor at San Juan.

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IN SANTIAGO BAY.

Commodore Schley Sends Information of Cervera's Whereabouts.

No Movement Will Be Made Against Cuba or Porto Rico Until the Spanish Fleet is Either Destroyed or Otherwise Rendered Helpless.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—The navy department has just received at 12:30 o'clock this (Monday) morning a dispatch from Commodore Schley stating that the Spanish fleet is in the bay of Santiago De Cuba and that he will do good to the utmost confidence that it will do good.

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WASHINGTON,

A WOODLAND SUMMONS.

Maiden frank and free,
Leave the town with me.
Leave the cities of the woods,
For the fields of emerald green,
For the meads with running streamlets
Singing praises to the morn:
For the hills that bound the distance,
Crowned with purple diadems;
For the sunshine on the dewdrops,
Decking trees and plants with gems.

Maiden sweet and fair,
Young and debonair,
Leave the cities smoke and hurry,
Never again to feel pain,
Noisy streets and noiseless alleys,
Love of gold and greed of gains,
Where the soul is cribbed and cabined,
Where the heart has lack of room,
Where the ghosts of want and hunger
Stalk around in robes of gloom.

Maiden dear and free,
Nature here we see—
Nature in her robes of beauty,
Glowing in her summer dress,
Free from artificial fetters,
Free from sorrow and distress,
Soothed by sound of running waters,
Charmed by humming of the bees,
Let us rest within the shadows
Of the grand primeval trees.
Thomas Dunn English, in N. Y. Independent.



PART III.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

The captain was too bright to be in the way. He whipped out of sight in a moment, leaving Silver to arrange the party; and I fancy it was as well he did so. Had he been on deck, he could no longer so much as have pretended not to understand the situation. It was as plain as day. Silver was the captain, and a mighty rebellious crew he had of it. The honest hands—and I was soon to see it proved that there were such on board—must have been very stupid fellows. Or, rather, I suppose the truth was this: that all hands were disaffected by the example of the ringleaders—only some more, some less; and a few, being good fellows in the main, could neither be led nor driven any further. It is one thing to be idle and skulks, and quite another to take a ship and murder a number of innocent men.

At last, however, the party was made up. Six fellows were to stay on board, and the remaining 13, including Silver, began to embark.

Then it was that there came into my head the first of the mad notions that contributed so much to save our lives. If six men were left by Silver, it was plain our party could not take and fight the ship; and since only six were left, it was equally plain that the cabin party had no present need of my assistance. It occurred to me at once to go ashore. In a jiffy I had slipped over the side, and curled up in the fore-sheets of the nearest boat, and almost at the same moment she shoved off.

No! I took notice of me, only the bow o'er, saying: "Is that you, Jim? Keep your head down." But Silver, callin' the other boat, looked sharply and called out to know if that were me; and from that moment I began to regret what I had done.

The crews raced for the beach; but the boat I was in, having some start, and being at once the lighter and the better manned, shot far ahead of her consort, and the bow had struck among the shore-side trees, and I had caught a branch and swung myself out, and



"Jim! Jim!" I heard him shouting.

plunged into the nearest thicket, while Silver and the rest were still 100 yards behind.

"Jim, Jim!" I heard him shouting. But you may suppose I paid no heed; jumping, ducking, and breaking through, I ran straight before my nose, till I could run no longer.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIRST BLOW.

I was so pleased at having given the slip to Long John that I began to enjoy myself and look around me with some interest on the strange land that I was in.

I had crossed a marshy tract full of willows, bulrushes, and odd outlandish, swampy trees, and I had now come upon the skirts of an open piece of undulating, sandy country, about a mile long, dotted with a few pines, and a great number of contorted trees, not unlike the oak in growth, but pale in the foliage, like willows. On the far side of the open stood one of the hills, with two quaint, craggy peaks, shining vividly in the sun.

I now felt for the first time the joy of exploration. The isle was uninhabited; my shipmates I had left behind, and nothing lived in front of me but dumb brutes and fowls. I turned hither and thither among the trees. Here and there were flowering plants unknown to me; here and there I saw snakes, and one raised his head from a ledge of a rock and hissed at me with a noise not unlike the spinning of a top. Little did I suppose that he was a

deadly enemy, and that the noise was the famous rattle.

Then I came to a long thicket of these oak-like trees—live or evergreen oaks, I heard afterward they should be called—which grew low along the sand like brambles, the boughs curiously twisted, the foliage compact, like thatch. The thicket stretched down from the top one of the sandy knolls, spreading and growing taller as it went, until it reached the margin of the broad, reedy fen, through which the nearest of the little rivers soaked its way into the anchorage. The marsh was steaming up to the bilt in that defenseless body. From my place of ambush I could hear him pant loudly as he struck the blows.

All at once there began to go a sort of bustle among the bulrushes; wild duck flew up with a quack, another followed, and soon over the whole surface of the marsh a great cloud of birds hung screaming and circling in the air. I judged at once that some of my shipmates must be drawing near along the borders of the fen. Nor was I deceived; for soon I heard the very distant and low tones of a human voice, which as I continued to give ear, grew steadily louder and nearer.

This put me in great fear, and I crawled under cover of the nearest live-oak and squatted there, hearkening, as silent as a mouse.

Another voice answered; and then the first voice, which I now recognized to be Silver's, once more took up the story, and ran on for a long while in a stream, only now and again interrupted by the other. By the sound they must have been talking earnestly, and almost fiercely; but no distinct word came to my hearing.

At last the speakers seemed to have paused, and perhaps to have sat down; for not only did they cease to draw any nearer, but the birds themselves began to grow more quiet, and to settle again to their places in the swamp.

And now I began to feel that I was neglecting my business; that since I had been so foolhardy as to come ashore with these desperadoes, the least I could do was to overhear them at their counsels; and my plain and obvious duty was to draw as close as I could manage, under the favorable ambush of the crouching trees.

I could tell the direction of the speakers pretty exactly, not only by the sound of their voices, but by the behavior of the few birds that still hung in alarm above the heads of the intruders.

Crawling on all-fours, I made steadily but slowly toward them; till at last, raising my head to an aperture among the leaves, I could see clear down into a little green dell beside the marsh, and closely set about with trees, where Long John Silver and another of the crew stood face to face in conversation.

The sun beat full upon them. Silver had thrown his hat beside him on the ground, and his great, smooth, blonde face, all shining with heat, was lifted to the other man's in a kind of appeal.

"Mate," he was saying, "it's because I thinks gold-dust of you—gold-dust, and you may lay to that! If I hadn't took to you like pitch, do you think I'd have been here a-warning of you? All's up—you can't make nor mend; it's to save your neck that I'm a-speakin', and if one of the wild 'uns knew it, where 'ud I be, Tom—now, tell me, where 'ud I be?"

"Silver," said the other man—and I observed he was not only red in the face, but spoke as hoarse as a crow, and his voice shook, too, like a taut rope—"Silver," says he, "you're old, and you're honest, or has the name for it; and you're money, too, which lots of poor sailors hasn't; and you're brave, or I'm mistook. And will you tell me you'll let yourself be led away with that kind of a mess of swabs? not you! As sure as God sees me, I'd sooner lose my hand. If I turn again my dooty—"

And then all of a sudden he was interrupted by a noise. I had found one of the honest hands—well, here, at that same moment, came news of another. Far away out in the marsh there arose, all of a sudden, a sound like the cry of anger, then another on the back of it; and then one horrid, long-drawn scream. The rocks of the Spy-glass echoed it a score of times; the whole troop of marsh-birds rose again, darkening heaven, with a simultaneous whirr; and long after that death yell was still ringing in my brain, silence had reestablished its empire, and only the rustle of the redescending birds and the boom of the distant surges disturbed the languor of the afternoon.

Tom had leaped at the sound, like a horse at the spur; but Silver had not winked an eye. He stood where he was, resting lightly on his crutch, watching his companion like a snake about to spring.

"John!" said the sailor, stretching out his hand.

"Hands off!" cried Silver, leaping back a yard, as it seemed to me, with the speed and security of a trained gymnast.

"Hands off, if you like, John Silver," said the other. "It's a black conscience that can make you feared of me. But, in Heaven's name, tell me what was that?"

"That?" returned Silver, smiling away, but warier than ever, his eye a mere pin-point in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass. "That? Oh, I reckon that'll be Alan."

And at this poor Tom flashed out like a hero.

"Alan!" he cried. "Then rest his soul for a true seaman! And as for you, John Silver, long you've been a mate of mine, but you're mate of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I'll die in my dooty. You've killed Alan, have you? Kill me, too, if you can. But I defies you."

And with that, this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook, and set off walking for the beach. But he was not destined to go far. With a cry, John seized the branch of a tree, whipped the crutch out of his armpit, and sent that uncouth missile hurling

through the air. It struck poor Tom, point foremost, and with stunning violence, right between the shoulders in the middle of his back. His hands flew up, he gave a sort of gasp, and fell.

Whether he was injured much or little none could ever tell. Like enough, to judge from the sound, his back was broken on the spot, but he had no time to recover. Silver, agile as a monkey, even without leg or crutch, was on the top of him the next moment, and had twice buried his knife up to the hilt in that defenseless body. From my place of ambush I could hear him pant loudly as he struck the blows.

I do not know what it rightly is to faint, but I do know that for the next little while the whole world swam away from before me in a whirling mist; Silver and the birds and the tall Spy-glass hilltop, going round and round and topsy turvy before my eyes, and all manner of bells ringing and distant voices shouting in my ears.

When I came again to myself, the monster had pulled himself together, his crutch under his arm, his hat upon his head. Just before him Tom lay motionless upon the sword; but the murderer minded him not a whit, cleansing his blood-stained knife the while upon a whisp of grass. Everything else was unchanged, the sun still

I could now see that he was a white man like myself, and that his features were even pleasing. His skin, wherever it was exposed, was burned by the sun; even his lips were black, and his fair eyes looked quite startling in so dark a face. Of all the beggar-men that I had seen or fancied, he was the chief for raggedness. He was clothed with tatters of old ship's canvas and old sealcloth; and this extraordinary patchwork was all held together by a system of the most various and incongruous fastenings, brass buttons, bits of stick, and loops of tarry gaskin. About his waist he wore an old brass-buckled leather belt, which was the one thing solid in his whole accoutrement.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you shipwrecked?"

"Nay, mate," said he—"marooned." I had heard the word, and I knew it stood for a horrible kind of punishment common enough among the buccaneers, in which the offender is put ashore with a little powder and shot, and left behind on some desolate and distant island.

"Marooned three years ago," he continued, "and lived on goats since then, and berries, and oysters. Whenever a man is, says I, a man can do for himself. But, mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese—toasted, mostly—and woke up again, and here I were."

"If ever I can get aboard again," said I, "you shall have cheese by the stone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRECIOUS PEARLS.

Famous Gems Owned by Great Ladies of the European Courts.

ing for help. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, had somewhat reassured me, and my fear of Silver began to revive in proportion. I stood still, therefore, and cast about for some method of escape; and as I was so thinking, the recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind. As soon as I remembered I was not defenseless, courage glowed again in my heart; and I set my face resolutely for this man of the island, and walked briskly toward him.

He was concealed by this time, behind another tree trunk; but he must have been watching me closely, for as soon as I began to move in his direction he reappeared and took a step to meet me. Then he hesitated, drew back, came forward again, and at last, to my wonder and confusion, threw himself on his knees and held out his clasped hands in supplication.

At that I once more stopped.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Ben Gunn," he answered, and his voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock. "I'm poor Ben Gunn. I am; and I haven't spoke with a Christian these three years."

I could now see that he was a white man like myself, and that his features were even pleasing. His skin, wherever it was exposed, was burned by the sun; even his lips were black, and his fair eyes looked quite startling in so dark a face. Of all the beggar-men that I had seen or fancied, he was the chief for raggedness. He was clothed with tatters of old ship's canvas and old sealcloth; and this extraordinary patchwork was all held together by a system of the most various and incongruous fastenings, brass buttons, bits of stick, and loops of tarry gaskin. About his waist he wore an old brass-buckled leather belt, which was the one thing solid in his whole accoutrement.

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"If ever I can get aboard again," said I, "you shall have cheese by the stone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Silver buried his knife twice in that defenseless body.



A Demoralized Country.

"Hasn't the story about his accepting a big bribe hurt that official?" asked one Chinese citizen.

"Not much," answered another. "It seems to me he is treated with more respect than ever. The fact that he could get so much money for his influence shows what a lot of it he must have."

—Washington Star.

The Cynic's Confession.

"I can't engage in useful work. I cannot even sing. To benefit my fellow man I cannot do a thing."

"Since from other occupations I, alas, can't take my pick, There's nothing left except for me to settle down and kick."

—Washington Star.

REASONABLE.



Lady (arranging preliminaries)—O, and you will be expected to attend prayers regularly morning and evening.

Cook (resignedly)—Well'm, I suppose there's something to put up with in every family.—Moonshine.

The First Fly.

The first fly of spring On hilarious wing Flew about in a manner quite devious, When a sudden chill wind Knocked him silly and blind— He was punished for being too previous. Up to Date.

Lady (arranging preliminaries)—O,

and you will be expected to attend prayers regularly morning and evening.

Cook (resignedly)—Well'm, I suppose there's something to put up with in every family.—Moonshine.

A Great Discovery.

"Albert, dear, while looking through some of your old clothes I made such a lucky find that I ordered a new dress on the strength of it."

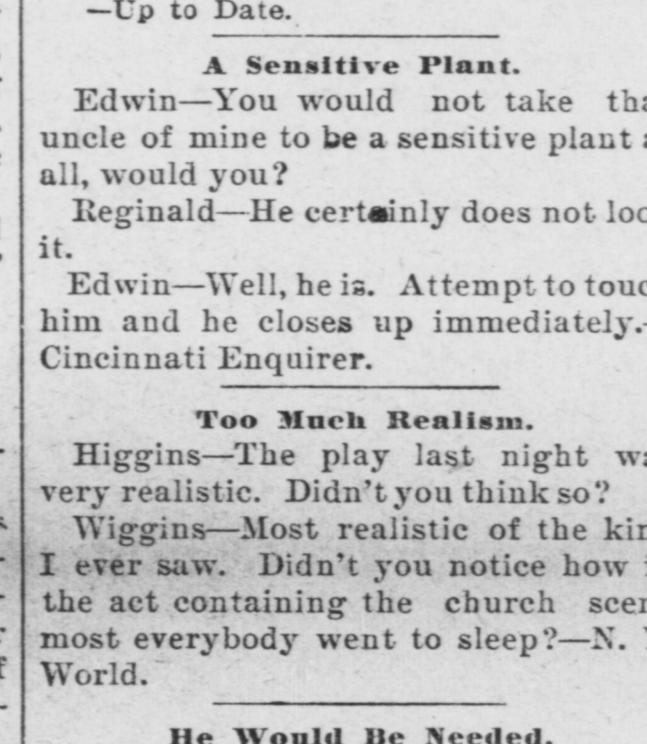
"What was it, dear?"

"Half a dozen checks that had never been written on."—Brooklyn Life.

Brave Souls.

"Oh, where are all the heroes? Where?" The plaintive poets sing; They overlook the men who wear The first straw hats in spring. —Town Topics.

HIS POSITION DEFINED.



Lady (arranging preliminaries)—O,

and you will be expected to attend

prayers regularly morning and evening.

Edwin—Well, he is. Attempt to touch him and he closes up immediately.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Sensitive Plant.

Edwin—You would not take that uncle of mine to be a sensitive plant at all, would you?

Reginald—He certainly does not look it.

Edwin—Well, he is. Attempt to touch him and he closes up immediately.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Much Realism.

Higgins—The play last night was very realistic. Didn't you think so?

Wiggins—Most realistic of the kind I ever saw. Didn't you notice how in the act containing the church scene most everybody went to sleep?—N. Y. World.



THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]

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ADVERTISING RATES.
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Locals, or reading notices, ten cents per line for each insertion. Locals in black type, twenty cents per line for each insertion.
Fractions of lines count as full lines when running at line rates.
Obituary cards of thanks, calls on candidates, resolutions of respect and matter of like nature, ten cents per line.
Special rates given for large advertisements and yearly cards.



Late News of the War.

Capt. Sigsbee has seen several of the Spanish ships in the Santiago bay. Schley telegraphs to Secretary Long that Cervera is certainly in Santiago bay.

Santiago is threatened with famine. The War Department admits that the embarkation of regular troops for Cuba will take place promptly.

Four regiments are ordered from Chickamanga to Tampa. The Third Regiment, Kentucky Volunteers, will be moved to Chickamanga to-morrow or Thursday.

A telegram from Vancouver says that the Anglo-American alliance is practically in effect there.

The St. Paul captured a British vessel loaded with coal Sunday attempting to enter the Santiago harbor.

The President has decided that Eastern Cuba and Porto Rico must be occupied at once.

The Navy Department has not yet decided to let Commodore Schley enter Santiago bay and attack Cervera.

Secretary Alger yesterday telegraphed to Gov. Bradley that Kentucky would be allowed but four regiments in all. This cuts out the colored regiment.

THE time for Spring house-cleaning has arrived. We are prepared to lend you our assistance in the shape of laundrying lace curtains, blankets, bed spreads, etc. Special care taken to return lace curtains in as good condition as when received.

(tf) BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

VAN HOOK WHISKEY, 50 cents per quart. McDermott & Spears.

A Good Memory

often saves money and also good health. If you have any trouble with your stomach, digestion or any form of stomach trouble remember to take home a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsi and health will be restored to you. Trial sizes 10c (lo doses 10c) large size 50c and \$1.00 of W. T. Brooks, druggist, Paris, Ky. (Jan.-M.)

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Letter From Camp Thomas.

Chickamauga, Ga., May 29, 1898
The Second Regiment, Kentucky Volunteers, U. S. A., is still without uniforms or guns, but it is confidently expected that the regiment will be fully equipped by the middle of the week. The members of Company I, of Paris, are all in good health, none being in the hospital or guard house. The boys are fairly well contented though they are not so comfortably situated here as they were at Lexington. The first night at Chickamauga was spent with only the blue firmament as a covering, the boys being both houseless and tentless, though all had blankets. They now have new tents and are in camp in the Southeastern part of the vast park.

* * *

The soldier boys of the Second Regiment certainly miss the many good things to eat which were sent them during their stay at Camp Collier by kind and thoughtful friends and relatives. They are now contenting themselves with hard tack, potatoes, onions, Cincinnati chicken ("sowbelly") and beans. They were more than glad to see Messrs. J. A. Bower and Wm. Remington, of Paris, who came to Chickamauga to-day on a visit, bringing several packages and letters from the home-folks of various ones.

* * *

The discipline at Chickamauga is very much stricter than it was at Camp Collier, and many of the sentinels have been warned that they will be punished if they fail to salute officers as they pass, and that sentinels caught asleep while on duty may be shot for the offense. Another thing that adds to the discomfort of some of the boys is that Chickamauga is about twelve miles from Chattanooga—and liquor. Speaking of drinking recalls that a soldier who was caught putting poison into the camp's supply of drinking water last week was shot for the crime. The particulars of the case were not made public but the occurrence was generally talked about in the camp.

* * *

Hugh Brent, of Covington, son of Judge Harry Brent, of Paris, has enlisted in Company I, and is with the boys at Chickamauga. He has been appointed Third Sergeant. Cash Armstrong, formerly of Paris, is also here with the Lexington company.

* * *

Edgar Hill, of Company I, of Paris, has been appointed to a clerkship in Division Commander Compton's headquarters. Charlton Alexander, also of Company I, has been appointed an orderly on Col. Gathier's staff, and has telegraphed home for his horse to be sent to Chickamauga. Harry Croxton, of Paris, has been appointed quartermaster under Capt. McCarthy.

* * *

There are now about 45,000 troops in camp at Chickamauga and regiments are expected to-morrow from Maine and Iowa. The famous Sixty-Ninth, from N. Y., arrived Friday.

* * *

The members of the Second Kentucky will receive no salary until July pay day, because the pay roll can not be completed in time to draw for May. The men will receive pay from the time they went into camp at Lexington.

* * *

Captain Strother, of Company Q, Winchester, was Officer of the Day yesterday.

* * *

"Comfort bags," handily little contrivances filled with needles, threads and buttons, made by the W. C. T. U. of Kentucky, were distributed to the Second's men yesterday by Chaplain Way.

* * *

The tune of Dixie has been incorporated into the repertoire of the army bands. A Lee is at the head of a "Yankee" army corps, and the boys are using "the rebel yell" in the charges that they are making in sham battles.

* * *

It is estimated that there were 10,000 visitors in Camp Thomas to-day.

* * *

Gen. Joseph Breckinridge, brother of Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Lexington, is one of the most noted personages in the camp. Col. John Jacob Astor, of New York, is the most noted soldier from the society world, in the camp.

* * *

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers Of Stock, Crop, Etc. Turf Notes.

A. W. MacIn, manager of the famous R. P. Pepper farms, near Frankfort, has just sold in Chicago the entire wheat crop of 1897 for \$1.70 per bushel.

Ossian Edwards, of this city, sold in Cincinnati last week six hogsheads of tobacco at \$15.75 to \$10. G. W. Bramblett, of Nicholas, sold thirty-five at \$16.75 to \$10.

EVERY person who goes to the opera to-morrow night will get the worth of his or her money. The program includes popular and classical music, a dash of vaudville, and will conclude with a one-act play.

GET the baby a buggy at J. T. Hinton's. (tf)

Notes From Camp Collier and Camp Bradley.

The Third Regiment as a whole was mustered into service Saturday afternoon, and orders from Washington are expected any hour directing the moving of the regiment. The First Regiment will be mustered in the first of the week. Everything waits on Washington. The C. & O. has a train ready at the depot to transport a regiment to Washington. Everything is very quiet in both camps.

Dasha Breckinridge has been appointed Judge Advocate of the First Regiment. This, it is understood, is a preliminary toward Mr. Breckinridge being appointed an aide on the staff of Inspector General Joseph C. Breckinridge, now inspecting troops at Chickamauga.

Captain J. C. Bryant, formerly of Ashland, has been appointed Major of the Third to succeed Congressman Colson, made Colonel under the additional call.

Prof. C. L. Martin, formerly of Paris, who is now Superintendent of the Newsboys Home at Louisville, has enlisted in the army and will go to the front with the band from the Home. There are seventeen boys in the band, and they were trained by Prof. Martin. The band has already made a big hit at Camp Bradley.

Hon. Henry Watterson, Gov. Bradley and Col. Breckinridge spoke to about 4,000 people at Camp Bradley Friday.

Jesse Berry, Will Robison and Noah Smith returned Friday from Tampa, Fla., where they had taken three cars of cavalry horses which were purchased here last week from Bayles & Kern. The inspector at Tampa said that the animals were the finest that had yet been received at that point. They will return the latter part of the week to Tampa with five cars of horses for the cavalry service.

Insure in my agency—non-union. Prompt-paying reliable companies—insures against fire, wind and storm.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

Visiting Cyclers In Paris.

A jolly party of cyclers comp sed of Messrs. T. K. Helm, Chas. Dunkerson, Geo. Patton, W. B. Bayless, C. R. Knapp, Auburn, N. Y., A. Bigelow, Chicago, M. G. Barr, of Lexington, Mrs. John Macauley, Miss Macauley, Miss Buckner, Misses Mary Macauley, Katherine Helm and Preston Bruce, of Louisville, Miss Mayme Redfield, of Syracuse, N. Y., Miss Prewitt and Miss Nelson, of Winchester, stopped at the Windsor Sat night en route to Blue Lick Springs. The party was at the Windsor last night and will leave to day for Georgetown, thence to Lexington, Versailles and Frankfort and Louisville. The baggage of the party was carried in a wagon.

Messrs. Wm. Littleford, R. Jerome Morris, Edward M. Ballard and L. E. Sawyer, lawyer cyclists from Cincinnati, who are touring the Bluegrass-a-wheel, were in the city yesterday, stopping at the Windsor.

* * *

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* * *

Always ask for Paris Milling Co.'s Purity flour. All grocers keep it. Insist on having Purity every time.

Wright's Celery Tea regulates the liver and kidneys, cures constipation and sick headache. 25¢ at all druggists.

Just received at Price & Co.'s—a fine line of straw and linen hats. (tf)

SEND your linen to Haggard & Reed's Steam Laundry for a good finish. (tf)

WHY have such a dirty wall when paper is so cheap at J. T. Hinton's. (tf)

J. T. HINTON'S refrigerators are the best

Raceland Jersey butter for sale by Newton Mitchell.

FASHIONABLE Spring shoes, superior in every respect, and prices at the lowest point, at

DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG.

TRY our special "A" coffee, six pounds for \$1.00.

MCDERMOTT & SPEARS.

Don't use any other but Purity flour from Paris Milling Co.—tell your grocer you want no other. All grocers keep it.

PRETTIEST shoes the most exacting woman can conceive—in black and brown leathers—at Davis, Thompson & Isgrig. (tf)

SEE J. T. Hinton's large ad on fourth page. (tf)

EVERY person who goes to the opera to-morrow night will get the worth of his or her money. The program includes popular and classical music, a dash of vaudville, and will conclude with a one-act play.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

STOCK AND TURF NEWS.

Sales and Transfers Of Stock, Crop, Etc. Turf Notes.

Get the baby a buggy at J. T. Hinton's. (tf)

Bowling Alley Notes.

From one till five this afternoon Parks & Ritchie's bowling alley will be open for the free use of the ladies and a general invitation to be present is extended to them. Only gentlemen escorting ladies will be admitted. Already number of well known young ladies have announced their intention of trying the fascinating pastime.

Among the good scores that have been made since Friday are the following: W. E. Board 157, R. H. Hall 152, J. D. Feeney 147, R. L. Boldrick 155, Jas. Link 156, J. Q. Ward 156, J. W. Bacon 148, Allie Mann 145, Sam Clay 154.

There is talk of organizing several bowling teams in a few days.

NUPTIAL KNOTS

Engagements, Announcements And Solemnizations Of The Marriage Vows.

The engagement of Miss Madeleine McDowell, the daughter of Major H. C. and Mrs. Nannie McDowell, and Mr. Desha Breckinridge, the son of Col. W. C. P. and Mrs. Issa Desha Breckinridge, is announced

OBITUARY.

R-Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

Mrs. Hettie Rogers, wife of Haley Rogers, who died in the Lexington asylum Thursday was buried Friday at Old Union.

John Maher, an old and well known citizen of this county, died Saturday. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery Sunday. The deceased had his life insured for \$1,000.

Mrs. John Scott, aged about thirty-five, died Saturday night at Fra kfort, and her remains were brought to this city yesterday morning and taken to Millersburg for interment.

L. & N. Special Rates.

On account of "Bradley Day" at the military camps at Lexington, the L. & N. will sell round-trip tickets at one fare to day, May 27th.

The L. & N. will sell round-trip tickets at one fare Sunday to Lexington to visit the military camps. Returning, the train will leave Lexington at six o'clock.

To Dallas, Texas, June 10, 11, 12, on account of Imperial Council Nobles of Mystic Shrine. One fare round trip.

F. B. CARR, Agent.

Buy your refriger rator from J. T. Hinton.

Carli 1-pole can save money by buying their goods of J. T. Hinton, at Paris. His line of mattings, carpets, wall paper and furniture is unequalled in price and quality.

Our line of men's tan shoes embraces the newest novelties for Springs, from the best manufacturers.

DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches. 25¢ at druggists.

To Cure A Cold In One Day.

TAKE Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25¢. For sale by W. T. Brooks and James Kennedy, Paris, Ky.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches. 25¢ at all druggists.

TRY our special "A" coffee, six pounds for \$1.00.

MCDERMOTT & SPEARS.

Look at my window display. Who else can duplicate that line?

The prices are going to be smashed. First come, first served. It wont last long so come early.

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THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.

[Payable in Advance.]

One year.....\$2.00 | Six months.....\$1.00

NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

Use Paris Milling Co.'s Purity flour—for sale by all grocers. Ask for it. Take no other.

J. T. HINTON has the best and cheapest lace curtains. (if)

"CHILDREN'S DAY" will be observed at the Christian Church Sunday.

DR. GANO BUCKNER, of this county, will graduate next week from the College of the Bible, at Lexington.

A. C. Gutzeit, ex-Parisian, of Lexington, has presented the Lexington Elks Lodge with a pipe organ valued at \$1,000.

DR. C. H. BOWEN, the eminent optician, will make his next regular visit to Paris on June 9th. Consult him at A. J. Winters & Co's.

"Sharper" Talbott shot Jim (Dec) Manning through the arm during a quarrel in Geo. Williams' saloon on Main street, yesterday afternoon.

THE Senior Sodality of the Catholic Church will give a strawberry supper at the Odd Fellows Hall Friday evening. The admission will be twenty-five cents.

CONDUCTOR KIRBY of the L. & N. has resumed his duties as Conductor on the Maysville and Lexington train after a short lay-off on account of his injured hand.

ELDER ZACHARY, of Old Union, preached his farewell sermon Sunday. Eld. Sharrard will hereafter preach at that place on the second and fourth Sundays.

D. MILLER, of Second street, who was taken to Covington last week to be treated for paralysis, is improving. Squire Littleton has closed Miller's stock of groceries for him.

THE Junior Sodality of the Catholic Church netted something over eighty dollars on their dramatic entertainment "The Little Mischief Makers," at the opera house Tuesday night.

A THIEF entered Bob Rose's home the other night and stole one ham, but left two. He also carried Rose's trousers. Call if the house and left them, but over \$3.00 in one of the pockets.

COL. A. J. LOWERY, Capt. A. C. Adair and Sir Knights Brutus Grinnan, Ernest Ritchie, Geo. Laughlin and Lee Deaver, of this city, attended the Decoration Day exercises yesterday in Cynthiana.

AUCTIONEER A. T. FORSYTH sold Saturday for Master Commissioner E. M. Dickson an undivided one-half of 52 acres of land near the fair grounds, property of Lewis Hall, to John G. Towles, for \$250.

THERE will be popular and classical music, an interesting bit of vaudeville, and a one-act play, "A Loyal Coquette," given at the dramatic and musical entertainment to-morrow night at the opera house. The admission to the parquet and dress circle will be fifty cents.

MR. J. H. WATTERS, of the noted Watters Party studio, left yesterday for a few days stay in Cynthiana. Mr. Watters has made many friends here and his fine work has won endless praise. As portrait artists the Watters Party are at the top of the ladder. Their many satisfied patrons in Bourbon recommend them to the citizens of Harrison.

MISS ELLA MARTIN, whose Cincinnati and Lexington critics concede to be the best singer in Lexington will sing two numbers to-morrow night at the musical and dramatic entertainment at the opera house. The program will comprise other clever musical numbers by talented Paris musicians, a sensational vaudeville act by Mr. Maurice Hedgee, a turn by Geo. Browner, and close with the one-act drama "A Loyal Coquette." A party of Lexington people are coming down to Paris for the event.

Leading Citizens III.

DR. JOE FITHIAN, of High street, who has been very ill of blood poison for several days, was slightly improved yesterday.

COL. R. G. STONER was seized with a sudden illness Friday morning and has since been in a very serious condition. He was reported slightly improved yesterday.

Don't put down that old carpet. J. T. Hinton has some beautiful ones. (if)

My agency insures against fire, wind and storm—best old reliable, prompt paying companies—non-union.

W. O. HINTON, Agent.

The Graded School Tournament.

The annual contests of the Graded Schools of Central Kentucky was held at Richmond on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week. On Thursday afternoon the delegations from Cynthiana, Paris, Winchester, Nicholasville, Somerset and Harrodsburg, numbering in all about 300, took possession of Richmond.

On Thursday afternoon they were entertained with a base ball game between Central University and Kentucky University.

On Thursday evening, in Central University chapel, the musical contests were held:

The piano duet was awarded to Misses Bessie Edwards and Hattie Mann, of Paris, there being no entries against them.

The chorus contest was between a chorus of 29 from Richmond, 26 from Winchester, and 20 from Paris. The prize was awarded to Winchester. The latter chorus sang the patriotic new "Hail Columbia."

Misses Willie Trayner and Nell Murshon, of Richmond, won the vocal duet over Winchester and Harrodsburg. Miss Willie Trayner, it will be remembered, won the vocal solo at this place a few years ago. Her sister, Miss Mary Traynor, won the vocal solo this year over Paris, Harrodsburg and Winchester.

The music was not as good as in previous years. The fact that winners in previous contests are barred interfered much with the selection of musical representatives. For this reason Paris had only three entries in the musical contests.

The contest in written spelling was won by Miss Ella McFarland, of Harrodsburg, and in rapid calculation by McCreary Simons, of Richmond; in arithmetic, Alabama Bolkins, of Winchester; in Geometry, by Miss Frankie Marsh, of Paris; in Algebra, by Miss Mary Holler, of Winchester; in Latin, Miss Edna Jordan, of Somerset; in Mental Arithmetic, Kay Sallie, of Harrodsburg, in Drawing Miss Mayme Perry, Winchester. In German there were no entries except from Paris, and, as usual in such cases, the prize was awarded to those pupils to be given at the annual examination at the close of school.

The prize in penmanship, in addition to the gold medal, was a ten dollar gold piece, and was awarded to Miss Ellen Sprague, of Paris.

The girls' declamation contest was won by Miss Mary Coyle, of Richmond, and the boys' contest by John Litsey, of Harrodsburg.

Harrodsburg won the base-ball pennant, and of the eleven athletic events Paris carried off five, Mr. Will Rion taking four, the other honor being secured by Mr. Stanley Dow.

The affair was a thoroughly enjoyable one and will long be remembered. The town was decorated and Richmond broke all previous records for hospitality. Free carriages, free entertainment, and most courteous treatment characterized the occasion. It is very evident, however, that the Tournament is becoming too unwieldy an affair and it was chiefly for this reason that it was not as well organized as in previous years.

Killing in Buckerville.

JOHN ALLEN, colored, shot and killed George Thomas, alias "Nug" Kennedy, colored, in Buckerville, Sunday evening about seven o'clock. The bullet entered Thomas' temple and came out the back of his head. He lived until 5:30 yesterday morning.

The testimony of the witnesses at Coroner Roberts' inquest yesterday showed that the killing was done in self defense, and the jury returned a verdict that Thomas came to his death from a bullet fired from a pistol in the hands of John Allen, and that the shooting was done in self defense. The verdict was signed by E. B. Janaway, A. T. Forsyth, S. M. Wilmoth, T. E. Howe, & R. R. Allen and J. T. Berry.

Allen was arrested by Constable Joe Williams and is in jail awaiting his examining trial which will be held before Judge Purnell Thursday morning. Allen has engaged Rogers & Moore to defend him.

Valuable Horse Sold.

TURNEY BROS., of this city, have sold their valuable two-year-old colt, Dr. Eichburg, by Candlemas—Neil Swift, to C. Fleischman's sons, of Cincinnati. The price is said to be fifteen thousand dollars, or ten thousand had been refused for him. The colt is a brother to Dr. Catlett. He won the Laureate Stakes, and is heavily engaged in the East, being in the Futurity and other great stakes.

The music lovers of Paris should not fail to hear Miss Ella B. Martin, Lexington's cleverest singer, at the entertainment to-morrow night at the opera house. There will be musical numbers by Prof. Gutz-it, Mr. Jas. Condon, the Fonda family, and others, several vaudeville acts, and the program will conclude with the original one-act play "A Loyal Coquette," by Walter Champ, to be produced by W. H. Davis, of the "Fast Mail" Co. Reserved seats on sale this morning at Brooks' drug store. Admission to parquet and dress circle, fifty cents.

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PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

—Prof. Frank Walker is ill at his home on High Street.

—Prof. Day, of Danville, was a visitor in Paris Friday and Saturday.

—Mrs. W. A. Gaines, of Georgetown, was a visitor in the city yesterday.

—Dr. F. L. Lapsley arrived home yesterday from a short visit in Mercer.

—Mrs. Fanniebelle Sutherland was in Lexington Saturday visiting friends.

—Miss Amelia Weitzel, of Frankfort, is the guest of Mrs. J. T. Hinton.

—Miss Nellie Lyle, of Danville, was the guest of her uncle, Mr. J. A. Lyle, last week.

—Hon. LaRue Thomas and wife, of Maysville, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Jones.

—Mrs. J. W. Davis visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Withers, yesterday in Cynthiana.

—Mr. Ed. Knapp, of Cincinnati, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Myall Sunday and yesterday.

—Mr. Yancey Freeman, of Lexington, was the guest of Mr. Albert Hinton, Sunday and yesterday.

—Miss Louise Parrish arrived home yesterday from a short visit to Miss Lida Rogers, in Maysville.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hughes Bronston, of Lexington, were guests of Mr. G. B. Alexander and family Sunday.

—Messrs. Hume Payne and Ed. Hutchcraft attended the "Leap Year" ball in Maysville Friday night.

—Mrs. Sallie Ashbrook, of Cynthiana, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. B. Hutchcraft, who has been seriously ill.

—Dr. Ben Frank, Steward of the Hospital Corps, at Camp Bradley, Lexington, is at home on a short furlough.

—Prof. Augustus Rogers and wife, of Danville, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Rogers and Mrs. Percy Jones.

—Miss Ella Joplin will arrive to-day from Mt. Vernon to visit her sister, Mrs. W. T. Brooks, on Duncan avenue.

—Mrs. W. S. Ray was called to Louisville by telegraph Saturday to see her aunt, Mrs. Nannie Munnell, who is quite ill.

—Mr. Leonis Jones, a leading society man of Ashland, was in the city yesterday. He was the guest of Mr. Carroll Marshall.

—Miss Carrie Gardner, of Russell Cave, Fayette county, is the guest of Miss Eddie and Alice Spears, on Mt. Airy avenue.

—Dr. Julius Pernell arrived home Friday evening from Medical College in Louisville, and is being warmly greeted by many friends.

—Hon. Sam Kash, of Manchester, Ky., was a guest of Sherman Stivers Friday. He left for Frankfort Saturday morning to argue a case before the Court of Appeals.

—Editor Wm. Remington, of the *Kentucky Citizen*, and Mr. J. A. Bower, of the L. & N., left Saturday night for a trip to Chickamauga National Park and Lookout Mountain. They returned yesterday morning.

—Miss Jess. Turney has issued invitations for a card party to-morrow night at her home near Paris, to be given in honor of her guest, Miss Owings (Louisville), Mary Webb Gass, Alice Spears, Eddie Spears, Louise Wheat (Lexington), Etta McClintock, Mamie McClintock, Amelia Weitzel (Frankfort), Eda Friend, Sydnie Kenn, Clara Wilmoth, Nellie Mann, Fannie Mann, Emma Miller, Carrie Gardner (Fayette), Laura Truelove, Margaret Butler, Dr. J. A. Adair, Dr. L. Q. Nelson, Robt. Parks, Thos. Wilmoth, Dr. C. G. Daugherty, Albert Hinton, Yancey Freeman (Lexington), Oakford Hinton, J. K. Spears, Jr., J. M. McVey, John Williams, Walter Kenney, Rev. J. S. Meredith, Strother Quisenberry, J. Q. Ward, Jr., J. M. Breauau, Talbot Clay and Mr. W. L. Davis. A fine dinner was spread on the grass at a spring above Maple Island and the party spent a delightful day.

—The following young people composed a merry party which enjoyed a boating picnic excursion up Stoner yesterday: Misses Kate Alexander, Emily May Wheat (Louisville), Mary Webb Gass, Alice Spears, Eddie Spears, Louise Wheat (Lexington), Etta McClintock, Mamie McClintock, Amelia Weitzel (Frankfort), Eda Friend, Sydnie Kenn, Clara Wilmoth, Nellie Mann, Fannie Mann, Emma Miller, Carrie Gardner (Fayette), Laura Truelove, Margaret Butler, Dr. J. A. Adair, Dr. L. Q. Nelson, Robt. Parks, Thos. Wilmoth, Dr. C. G. Daugherty, Albert Hinton, Yancey Freeman (Lexington), Oakford Hinton, J. K. Spears, Jr., J. M. McVey, John Williams, Walter Kenney, Rev. J. S. Meredith, Strother Quisenberry, J. Q. Ward, Jr., J. M. Breauau, Talbot Clay and Mr. W. L. Davis. A fine dinner was spread on the grass at a spring above Maple Island and the party spent a delightful day.

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—Mrs. E. M. Dickson gave a charming eureka party at her home on Third Street Friday afternoon in honor of her guest, Mrs. John Rodman, of Frankfort. There were seven tables of players, and Miss Weitzel and Mrs. Bruce Miller tried for choice of the prizes. Miss Weitzel won the choice and secured a handsome Bohemian vase, Mrs. Miller getting a Wedgewood cup. Miss Ashbrook of Cynthiana, won the consolation prize. The players were: Messrs. John Rodman, T. E. Ashbrook, W. T. Brooks, W. E. Board, Robt. Goode, John Ireland, Hugh Montgomery, J. M. Hall, C. M. Clay, Jr., John Bowen, Swift Champ, Bruce Steele, Thompson Tarr, Bruce Miller, Irvine Blanton, Cynthiana, W. V. Parker, Brink Renick, W. T. Talbott, Henry

Spears, Amos Turne, G. W. Stuart, H. H. Roberts, Mrs. Lizzie Walker, Misses Lutie Williams, Amelia Weitzel (Frankfort), Emma Scott, Sallie Ashbrook (Cynthiana), Tillie Baent. A very tempting repast was served after the games were over.

—Mr. Howard Edwards has returned from Central University at Richmond.

—Mrs. John Connell and son, Thornton, are visiting relatives in Millersburg.

—Chas. Shea, a clever young Parisian who has been studying art in Cincinnati, arrived home Sunday. He has made good progress in his studies, and may go to New York this Fall to study.

Deserving Parisian Appointed.

LOUIS EARLEYWINE, son of Dan'l Earleywine, and one of the most deserving young men of Paris, has been appointed Stenographer to Gov. Bradley, vice Jos. Simcox, who joined the army. Louis received the appointment three weeks ago, and went to Frankfort Wednesday to assume the duties of his position, and not to ask for a commission as captain of a company of soldiers. He was recommended by Col. Wilbur Smith, of Lexington, for the position.

Ecclesiastical Council.

REV. J. S. MEREDITH and Mr. Henry Spears, of this city, were delegates to the Council of the Episcopal Diocese of Lexington which met Saturday in Lexington. The next meeting of the Council will be held in Danville on the third Wednesday in May, 1898. The sum of \$1,564 was pledged to erect a new Episcopal residence in Lexington, and \$2,000 more is wanted from the different parishes.

New City Attorneys.

ROGERS & MOORE, the popular law firm, were elected City Attorneys, Thursday night. The offices of these gentlemen are located on Broadway, and their close and successful attention to business is winning them a liberal patronage.

June Revenue Appointments.

The following revenue men will be on duty at Bourbon distilleries in June: Storekeepers—W. T. Crosthwaite, day, W. B. Allen, additional, M. G. O'Neil, bottling, Paris Distilling Co.; A. J. McDowell, Bourbon Distilling Co. Gangers—O. B. Heady, Paris Distilling Co. and G. G. White Co.

Card of Thanks.

I DESIRE to thank the many loving friends for their numerous kindnesses to my beloved wife during her last hours, and for the faithful ministrations of Dr. Lagasse I wish to express my sincere thanks. I appreciate all that has been done for me in this moment of my sorest bereavement. Sincerely,

EDWARD BOONE.

Court Cleanings.

SATURDAY in Judge W. M. Purnell's court James Anderson was fined \$200 for suffering gaming. He is in jail.

Aquilla Gatewood and Sam Wilson, convicted of gaming, were each fined \$20 and costs.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]
Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

MY FIRST SWEETHEART.

She was the fairest, bonniest lass
That mortal eye knew.
The rose's blush was on her cheeks,
Her eyes had caught the blue
Of June-time skies; around her head
Bright, golden ringlets danced,
And when my sweetheart smiled on me,
I felt my heart entranced.

I found her sitting 'neath the trees
One glorious day in May,
The boughs were dancing curls
Were merrily at play.
I looked at her with steadfast gaze,
She turned her eyes on me,
They brimmed with love, our warm lips
met

In kisses one, two, three.

That day was years and years ago,
But I can never forget
My first sweetheart's bewitching eyes,
And—
As fervently as in those days
When first on me she smiled;
And she loves me, I know it, for
I am her only child.

Thomas B. Holmes, in Ladies' Home

The Man and the Editor.

THEY sat at opposite ends of a bench on the Marine parade and observed each other furtively. His eyes, weary with the contemplation of a succession of sartorial failures, rested approvingly on her white drill skirt, her immaculate collar and the sailor hat of the right shape set in the right place on her brown hair. She told herself that he was very presentable, and decidedly unexpected in Easton-super-Mare, where in August the voice of the excursionist is loud in the land, and the accompaniment is of concertinas. Both were bored and in want of companionship; she was young and he barely middle aged, and it was quite inexcusable, when her book having slipped from her knee and been restored by him, she not only thanked him, but observed:

"There's a wretched library here."

"You don't go to the best," he replied, with a glance at the label on the volume. "There is quite a decent one up the street. They get a book or two from Mudie occasionally. I don't fancy there is much demand for literature here, though."

"He has a nice voice," she told herself, trying not to be frightened at her own temerity, "and nice eyes, and he's a gentleman, and he isn't young, and it doesn't matter."

But her remark had been the result of impulse, not of resolve, and the reaction caused her to say, rather stiffly:

"Thank you. I must try the other place."

She almost decided that she would go now, but reflected that she had started the conversation, and that such a course would be an unmerited snub for him, so she remained and presently made an observation on the heat of the weather and the glare from the sea.

"Oh, it's an awful place," he answered; "I shouldn't stay here a moment if I hadn't got to."

"Nor I."

"Four hours by rail from London," he groaned; "the only place worth living in."

"Yes," she assented.

"Brass bands and Christies, and nasty little steamers with yellow funnels disgorging at the pier all day. Ugh!"

"But it's healthy," she said.

"Oh, yes. When I'm not eating I sleep, and I'm getting fat. I ought not to grumble, but I do."

"I ought not to have spoken to you, but I did," she observed, with sudden audacity, and then blushed so hotly that he saw it through her thick veil.

"I am very grateful to you for having done so," he said. "I have seen you about several times during the last week, and have felt that we were both aliens in the land, and might find that much, at least, in common. But there was no one to murmur a few senseless words of introduction over us."

"Poor Mrs. Grundy," she said, with a smile, as she looked at a tiny watch that she had taken out of her waist belt. "I must go," she added; "it's quite late."

"We shall meet again, I hope," he suggested.

"Possibly; I'm often about." And with a nod she left him.

Easton is specially dreary on a wet day. They met in the library that he had recommended and told each other so. She wore a thinner veil to-day, which showed him that her eyes were pretty and her mouth sweet-tempered looking. The gray hairs in his short, pointed beard inspired her with confidence. She ignored the fact that his eyes were young.

"It was too depressing indoors, and I had nothing to read," she said, as she pulled the first volume of "The Amazing Marriage" out of its place.

"Ah, Meredith? Allow me; rainy-day literature is a thing apart, and charming as Meredith is, he is not for you to-day. May I recommend—"

"Don't. I am not the sort of person to require a funny book to keep up my spirits on a dreary day. I dislike fare."

"You shall keep your Meredith," he returned; "I will confess that I have been reveling in 'Richard Feverel' all the morning myself."

After ten minutes' gossip on books it seemed quite natural that when she moved toward the door he should follow. The discussion on the merits of the Kaliard school was at far too interesting a stage to be abandoned, and, once in the street, they discovered that they were both going the same way. That way was along the deserted and windy Parade; but somehow when they parted Easton did not seem quite so dreary to either of them.

"I felt as though I had known you forever instead of a week," he said.

"And I as though we had been properly introduced," she replied, demurely.

It was a hot afternoon, and they had wandered into the wooded path that skirts the hill and overlooks the bay. The tide was in, so the mud, that is a distinguishing feature of Easton, was not in evidence, and the brassiness of the band on the pier was tempered by distance. They had dropped a little way down the hill; she sat on a large stone and he at her feet. In spite of his words, he knew little of her beyond the fact that she was charming (which he had found out for himself), and that her name was Grace (which she had told him). She had chosen to surround herself with mild mystery; the reason of her residence in Easton was unknown to him. In return she asked nothing, and he vouchsafed little save that he had been knocked up from over-work, and been sent to Easton for complete rest.

"I have often admired it," said he, smiling.

"How dear of you to say so," she cried, and as there was no one in sight he kissed her.

"Oh, yes, I forgive you," she said, a few minutes later, "and later on you will be able to tell me what is suitable for 'Moderna'—the style of thing you want. You will never (smiling) be able to decline with thanks? now? Will you?" she added, after a pause.

I think that was one of the most terrible moments in the editor's life. The standard of "Moderna" was a high one, and the critic in him told him that his love's literary productions would never rise above mediocrity. But his heart cried out that she was in his arms, that she was his, and nothing else mattered, not even the profession that had been more to him for 20 years than any woman had ever been.

"But you will not have time to write when we are married," he urged. "There will be all the new books to read, and things to talk about, and the theaters, and parties—we are going to give such jolly parties, you know, quite small, but jolly—you won't have a moment, because in addition to that you will have me to look after, madam."

She drew away and regarded him attentively.

"You continue," she said, very gently, "to decline?"

"Dearest—"

"Answer me," she persisted. And the editorial instinct, which was older in him than the emotion which she had inspired, won the day.

"I—I must," he stammered.

"Then I also," she said, still in her unnaturally gentle tone, "must decline."

To his passionate protestations she turned a deaf ear. She was firm in her determination that if she married an editor she would enjoy the full benefit of the position. And the editor of "Moderna" had always been distinguished by a quality which his enemies called obstinacy. So they parted. At the last he held her hands and said, earnestly: "Some day—perhaps you will send a line—a word, even—to 'Moderna.' If ever you can—you know what it will mean to me. Good-by."

"Good-by," she whispered, and down on the pier the last notes of the "Washington Post" were prolonged in a harsh wail.

"That's bad," he said, smiling at the stain. "But still there's hope. It is possible that you will one day show me some of your endeavors. She shook her head. "Yes," he urged. "Perhaps I could help. Please listen to me. I suppose you have heard of editors?"

"Occasionally."

"But you have never met one?"

"Never."

"Your tone tells me that you consider them formidable. But they are not so, really." He looked into her eyes, smiling. "You see one now," he said.

"You!" she cried, blushing.

"Even I; why not? Now, you see, there would be some reason in showing me your writings."

"And what is your paper?"

"It is a magazine called Moderna."

"Oh!" And after a pause she added: "Will you give me pencil and paper?" He tore a leaf from his pocketbook and gave it to her.

She scribbled two words and gave it back to him.

"What is it?" he asked, as he read.

"What does it mean? Oh!—oh!—oh! the deuce!"

He crumpled the paper, threw it from him, and jumped up and stood staring at her. His face was red; hers was white, and her eyes met his defiantly.

"You have seen that before," she said.

"Once or twice," he admitted.

"Six times," firmly. "I pestered you. Friends who didn't know anything about it advised me to go on—not to be discouraged, and I went on—to the very end, till you."

"Oh, I was a brute!" he groaned.

"You advised me to stop. Why didn't you tell me before?" she demanded, with unreasonable anger.

"You didn't—"

"Oh, of course, I didn't let you. I beg your pardon. It was very stupid of me, but there was something fascinating in being mysterious. I had never done anything unconventional in my life, and I wanted to make the most of it." She looked at him and flushed crimson.

"Why—why did you reject them?" she asked. He looked embarrassed.

"Well, you see, Moderna is an important magazine, and the editor has a lot of work, and I—ah, in short, they were not suitable."

"You did not read them," sternly.

"Indeed I did, the first one—ones."

"I quite understand." She rose with some dignity, and scrambled up the bank.

"Don't go!" he cried, following her.

"Princess, I have so much to tell you."

They stood facing each other at the edge of the dusty road, and below on the pier the band Brayed out the "Washington Post."

"Well?"

"Don't leave me," he pleaded. "I can't endure it if you do. I can't let you go, because I want you so much." He

caught her hands and held them tightly. "Dear, I love you," he said.

"But—" she said, "but—"

"Oh, I know. But an editor is also a man. As the former, I returned your MSS.; as the latter, I—adore you."

"But you can't," she protested, "you hardly know me."

"Give me a chance, dear; I don't ask you to say anything now, but later, when I know your people, when you are mysterious no longer—"

"Oh, as to that, she said, despondently, "there isn't much to know about my people. We live in Bedford square, in a very large and ugly house. Father made quite a lot of money in pickles. I suppose you have seen posters of a very large and healthy-looking man eating cold beef, accompanied by River's Celebrated Pickles. I particularly dislike that poster."

"I have often admired it," said he, smiling.

"How dear of you to say so," she cried, and as there was no one in sight he kissed her.

"Oh, yes, I forgive you," she said, a few minutes later, "and later on you will be able to tell me what is suitable for 'Moderna'—the style of thing you want. You will never (smiling) be able to decline with thanks? now? Will you?" she added, after a pause.

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"But you will not have time to write when we are married," he urged. "There will be all the new books to read, and things to talk about, and the theaters, and parties—we are going to give such jolly parties, you know, quite small, but jolly—you won't have a moment, because in addition to that you will have me to look after, madam."

She drew away and regarded him attentively.

"You continue," she said, very gently, "to decline?"

"Dearest—"

"Answer me," she persisted. And the editorial instinct, which was older in him than the emotion which she had inspired, won the day.

"I—I must," he stammered.

"Then I also," she said, still in her unnaturally gentle tone, "must decline."

To his passionate protestations she turned a deaf ear. She was firm in her determination that if she married an editor she would enjoy the full benefit of the position. And the editor of "Moderna" had always been distinguished by a quality which his enemies called obstinacy. So they parted. At the last he held her hands and said, earnestly: "Some day—perhaps you will send a line—a word, even—to 'Moderna.' If ever you can—you know what it will mean to me. Good-by."

"Good-by," she whispered, and down on the pier the last notes of the "Washington Post" were prolonged in a harsh wail.

"That's bad," he said, smiling at the stain. "But still there's hope. It is possible that you will one day show me some of your endeavors. She shook her head. "Yes," he urged. "Perhaps I could help. Please listen to me. I suppose you have heard of editors?"

"Occasionally."

"But you have never met one?"

"Never."

"Your tone tells me that you consider them formidable. But they are not so, really." He looked into her eyes, smiling. "You see one now," he said.

"You!" she cried, blushing.

"Even I; why not? Now, you see, there would be some reason in showing me your writings."

"And what is your paper?"

"It is a magazine called Moderna."

"Oh!" And after a pause she added: "Will you give me pencil and paper?" He tore a leaf from his pocketbook and gave it to her.

She scribbled two words and gave it back to him.

"What is it?" he asked, as he read.

"What does it mean? Oh!—oh!—oh! the deuce!"

"Darling!" said the editor, who seemed to consider that quite a sensible remark.

Below in the misty square a hurdy-gurdy man began to grind out the "Washington Post."—Kathleen Murray, in Belgravia.

To Preserve Eggs.

The months of April and May are the best for preserving eggs. Prepare the water with the best English shell lime until it has strength enough to keep an egg afloat. Allow it to stand until cold. Have the eggs carefully packed in jars or casks or whatever is intended to preserve them in. Place a fine sieve over it—to remove all small pieces of lime and sand—and pour on the lime water. Great care is necessary that no eggs are packed with the least crack in them. The lime water cannot be too strong. With no other mixture than this it has been known to keep eggs fresh for over 12 months. Another way is to coat them with vaseline and then put them in lime water. Brine has been found to be useless in preserving them, and packing in bran, paper or wood ashes will not prevent them from going bad; but the vaseline and lime water have been found most safe, and will keep them many months.—Detroit Free Press.

Sanitation's Iron Rule.

"John," faltered the little woman, "you have forgotten something."

He started quickly.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed, repro



DIVIDING THE BURDEN.

People of Cities and Towns Should Bear Their Share of the Cost of Improving Roads.

In the states in which a system of state-aid has been inaugurated the urban resident bears his share of the expense of improving and maintaining the highways, instead of leaving them, as heretofore, to be cared for by the rural population. Under the old theory that the maintenance and care of the roads should depend wholly on the districts through which they passed, great injustice was done many persons whose interest in the roads was less than that of others who bore no expense. To remove this injustice and provide an equitable system is the purpose of the state-aid.

Speaking on this subject recently, Gen. Stone said that the farmers of



A MODEL HIGHWAY.

(From a Photograph by the Chairman of the Pennsylvania Highway Committee.)

Maine own one-fifth of the property of the state, and that one-fifth of the property has paid the entire expense of building and maintaining the roads of the state, which are just as necessary to the people who live in towns, and the people of other occupations than farming, as they are to the farmer. Concerning New York, he said that there the farmers own only one-fourteenth of the property of the state, and that every farmer has been making roads for 13 other men to travel on, and he is getting tired of doing it. He is now about to stop it, and he finds the people of the cities and large towns, the manufacturing people and the commercial people, ready to bear their share of the expense of improving the country roads. The only drawback is that the farmers themselves have been afraid to let any change be made in the road laws of the country, for they imagined that the people of the cities design to impose heavier burdens on them, instead of being ready to help them carry existing ones.

By degrees all classes of the people will begin to better understand each other on the subject and will get closer together. It was not strange, at first, that country people should be suspicious of city people who took the trouble to tell them how much they would be benefited by better roads—it was natural for them to think that such philanthropy was not wholly disinterested. But as it becomes daily more evident that all classes, trades and occupations will reap the advantages resulting from improving the highways, that the ultimate burden will not be increased and that all are ready to share it, the movement will acquire an impetus that will insure its future success.—Good Roads.

The Color Question Again.

Butter should be colored to suit the person for whom it is intended. The general market demands that butter should have a color, the year round, about like that of grass butter in June. Doubtless any of the standard butter colors are good. The coloring matter should be put in the cream after it is all ready for the churn. When the butter will be nearly white if not colored as is often the case in winter, about a teaspoonful of color is usually needed for eight pounds of butter. In summer, in times of drought and in the fall, when cows are partly on dry feed, some coloring may be needed, but very little. One will soon learn by experience how much to use. It is well to be cautious, as it is better to have too little color than too much. — Dakota Field and Farm.

Avoid Raising Plug Horses.

Never in the history of horse raising was there a wider difference between plugs and good horses. Farmers must give as much thought to the selection of both dam and sire as they do in the breeding of cattle and other live stock. A coach horse that will bring \$300 is as easily raised as a plug that will bring but \$45. Such a horse is useful on the farm until the time when he is ready for the market, and can be used both to the plow and on the wagon. In case he lacks the style or action necessary to bring a fancy price, he is still a general purpose horse and will bring a price that will be profitable to the raiser.—A. B. Clark, St. Louis Dealer.

About the Same Thing.

The farmer who sticks to bad roads because good ones cost a little money, might as well cut his wheat with a cradle because a reaper would cost something.—Good Roads.

Here's Enterprise for You.

A Pennsylvanian has offered to subscribe \$1,000 toward a macadam road proposed to be built near his home.

FEEDING THE CALVES.

Unless They Make a Good Growth During the First Summer They Will Not Amount to Much.

The entire future of the animal usually depends on its first summer. This is true of all farm stock and especially so of the calves. Unless they can be made to make a good growth the first summer they will never make as good animals as they might and should, for every man should try to do the best he possibly can with his stock and crops.

The new-born calf should be allowed to get his first feed from his dam'sudder, as the accumulated milk in that organ is in just the proper condition for the first few days. After about three days the milk assumes its natural condition as it becomes fit for use, when the calf should be removed from its dam, and after that it usually has only skim milk for its sole diet until it learns to eat grass. The calf that has plenty of skim milk gets along pretty well, but as a rule there are other uses for this on the farm, and it is more profitable to feed the milk to something else and furnish the calf with a substitute.

Fortunately it is possible to furnish a substitute for skim milk on which the calf will thrive wonderfully with but little milk added to his ration. Have some oats ground into a fine meal and feed the calf oatmeal gruel. This will make him grow wonderfully, and he will soon learn to like it better than any other kind of feed. The oatmeal should be sifted to free it from hulls and two-tablespoonfuls will be about the proper amount to begin with. Cook this thoroughly in two quarts of water and then mix the gruel with skim milk, which will bring the heat down to the proper point for feeding.

Gradually add a little more oatmeal and reduce the quantity of milk, and soon the milk may be dispensed with altogether. Always give calves an opportunity to get grass to eat and they will soon learn to pick it. Oil meal is sometimes recommended for calves, but it is no improvement over the oatmeal gruel.—Farmers' Voice.

THE PASTURE SPRING.

How to Have a Supply of Pure Water for the Stock on Hand All Through the Season.

The average pasture spring is apt to be a mud hole because not protected from the cattle's feet. Where a spring is to furnish the sole supply of water for a pasture year after year, it is worth while to make the most of it. If there is an old iron kettle with a break in the bottom, it can be utilized after the

ghost of the murderer ever specified the place of the murder and the old cellar hole, where the mangled body had been thrust. There a knife and buttons were found, which were identified as belonging to Colvin. On this the men were arrested. Stephen and Colvin had quarreled just before the disappearance of the latter, and Stephen had been seen to strike him with a club and knock him down.

In a short time Jesse confessed that he and Stephen, with their father, after Stephen knocked him down, had carried him to the old cellar and cut his throat with a jack-knife, and further stated that next year they made way with most of the bones of their victim. Stephen, after a time, admitted the truth of Jesse's confession. On this they were convicted and sentenced to be hanged on the 28th of January, 1820. They applied for commutation of sentence, and as some believed their innocence, advertisements were inserted in various papers for Colvin. Not long afterward a letter appeared in the New York Evening Post, signed by a Mr. Chadwick, and dated Shrewsbury, N. J., December 16, 1819, stating that a slightly deranged man named Russell Colvin had been there five years before. This was generally looked upon as a hoax, and James Whelpley, of New York, who knew Colvin, decided to follow up the clew, and actually found Colvin at the house of William Polhemus, at Dover, N. J., where he had been since April 1813.

Mr. Whelpley took him to New York, the common council gave him means to proceed to Vermont, and he arrived at Manchester on the 22d day of December.

The whole place was in a state of excitement. People gathered in from all the surrounding country to see the dead alive. A cannon was brought out and Colvin was saluted with a discharge of cannon and small arms. Stephen Boorn firing the first piece. There was much discussion as to the motive for the confession, some contributing it to the effect of imprisonment, a general sort of panic, terror, and others to the injudicious advice and exhortations of a clergyman.—Wonderful Events.

Rhubarb Jam.

To six quarts of rhubarb add six pounds of granulated sugar and six large lemons; cut the rhubarb into small pieces about the size of a walnut, then the lemons should be sliced and the peel cut very fine; put the fruit (removing the seeds from the lemon) all into a large bowl, then cover with sugar; let it stand 24 hours, after which boil slowly for about two hours, taking care it does not stick to the kettle; be careful not to stir so as to break the rhubarb, as it is much nicer preserved in this way and is very delicious.—Ladies' World.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

Keep the weeds down in the early garden.

The quality of fruit is much improved by severe trimming.

Give a thorough preparation before and cultivation after planting.

In the garden and small fruit plat, use a line to make the rows straight. Remember that one acre well tended is worth half a dozen neglected.

Long, straight rows in the garden are easily cultivated and kept free from weeds.

Give currants plenty of room and good cultivation. Use white hellebore to keep off the worms.

There is danger of injury to plants by allowing a heavy mulch to remain too late in the spring.

Propagation by root cuttings is practicable and easy with plums, cherries and all stone fruits.

By keeping the soil firm and mellow you make the plant food available so it can be used by the plants.

It is not too late yet to remove all small, imperfect canes and dead branches from fruit plants.

Maturing fruit tends to exhaust a tree; hence the necessity of feeding bearing trees by fertilizing the ground.

Dwarf pear trees are much inclined to over-bear, and over-bearing is a prolific cause of poor fruit.—St. Louis Republic.

Is a Good Roads Woman.

Miss Relia C. Harber, of Trenton, Mo., state organizer for the Good Roads and Public Improvement association, has had such great success with her work that the association is more than pleased with her. Miss Harber is a remarkable woman. President Cleveland appointed Miss Harber's father, the late Judge T. B. Harber, postmaster of Trenton. Miss Harber was commissioned deputy, and succeeded to the postmastership when the judge died in 1890. Miss Harber resigned in 1897 and went to St. Louis, where she was employed in the good roads office. Since then she has been promoted to her present position, and has organized 15 societies, all of which are steadily increasing in membership.

STRANGE CONFESSIONS.

Men Who Have Voluntarily Confessed to Crimes Which They Never Committed.

That a man on the rack with every nerve quivering, with every nerve drawn to its utmost tension, with the pain increasing in intensity and violence, should confess himself the perpetrator of crime is natural enough. The prospect of relief from actual pain is a temptation that blinds the sufferer to the future. But it may seem strange, and is indeed one of the most inexplicable things in human history, that men have been induced by religious exhortations and other means of persuasion to sign their own death warrant by confessing crimes actually never committed. Such in England was the case of John Perry, executed near Campden in 1661, with his mother and brother, for murdering William Harrison, steward for Lady Campden. The testimony against them was chiefly the confession of John Perry himself, but to the astonishment of all, Harrison, who had been kidnapped and carried off, returned two years after the execution.

In 1812 a man named Colvin, living at Manchester, Vt., disappeared, and suspicions of foul play were entertained. Public opinion attributed his murder to Stephen and Jesse Boorn. Still, as there was no definite ground on which to arrest them, the excitement gradually died away. In 1819, however, a Mr. Boorn dreamed that he had been murdered by two men, whom he fixed upon as his nephews, Stephen and Jesse. The ghost of the murderer even specified the place of the murder and the old cellar hole, where the mangled body had been thrust. There a knife and buttons were found, which were identified as belonging to Colvin. On this the men were arrested. Stephen and Colvin had quarreled just before the disappearance of the latter, and Stephen had been seen to strike him with a club and knock him down.

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THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, May 30.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle common... \$3.00 @ 4 10

Select butchers... 4.25 @ 4 60

CALVES—Fair to good light... 6.50 @ 7 25

BIGGS—Common... 3.25 @ 3 85

Mixed packers... 3.90 @ 4 05

Light shippers... 3.40 @ 3 90

SHIPPERS—Hogs... 3.40 @ 3 90

LAMBS—Spring... 6.00 @ 6 15

FLOUR—Winter family... 4.90 @ 5 15

GRAIN—Wheat—No 2 red... 6.50 @ 1 15

No 3 red... 6.25 @ 1 10

Corn—No 2 mixed... 6.25 @ 1 10

Oats—No 2... 6.00 @ 1 05

Rye—No 2... 5.50 @ 1 00

YALE—Prime to choice... 10.50 @ 10 75

PROVISIONS—Mess pork... 11.75 @ 11 75

Mess bacon... 11.75 @ 11 75

MESS STUFF... 5.95 @ 5 95

BUTTER—Choice dairy... 9.10 @ 17 15

Prime to choice creamy... 8.50 @ 17 15

APPLES—Per bushel... 3.50 @ 4 00

POTATOES—Per bushel... 80 @ 85

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Winter patent... 5.30 @ 5 50

GRAIN—Wheat—No 2 red... 6.00 @ 1 07

No 3 Chicago spring... 1.10 @ 1 30

COCONUTS—Per bushel... 1.25 @ 1 25

OATS—No 2... 26 @ 3 25

PORK—Mess... 11.45 @ 11 50

LARD—Steam... 6.10 @ 6 12 12

N. Y.

FLOUR—Winter patent... 6.50 @ 6 75

GRAIN—Wheat—No 2... 1.24 @ 1 24 1/2

Southern—Wheat... 1.20 @ 1 25 1/2

Corn—Mixed... 30 @ 36 1/2

Oats—No 2 white... 36 @ 36 1/2

Rye—No 2 Western... 36 @ 60 1/2

CATTLE—First quality... 4.30 @ 4 70

HOGS—Western... 4.50 @ 4 60

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Winter patent... 5.85 @ 6 25

GRAIN—Wheat—No 2... 1.24 @ 1 24 1/2

Southern—Wheat... 1.20 @ 1 25 1/2

Corn—Mixed... 30 @ 36 1/2

Oats—No 2 white... 36 @ 36 1/2

Rye—No 2 Western... 36 @ 60 1/2

CATTLE—First quality... 4.30 @ 4 70

